

INTRODUCING THE
NISSAN ROGUE
A Whole New Crossover From Nissan



Visit NissanUSA.com

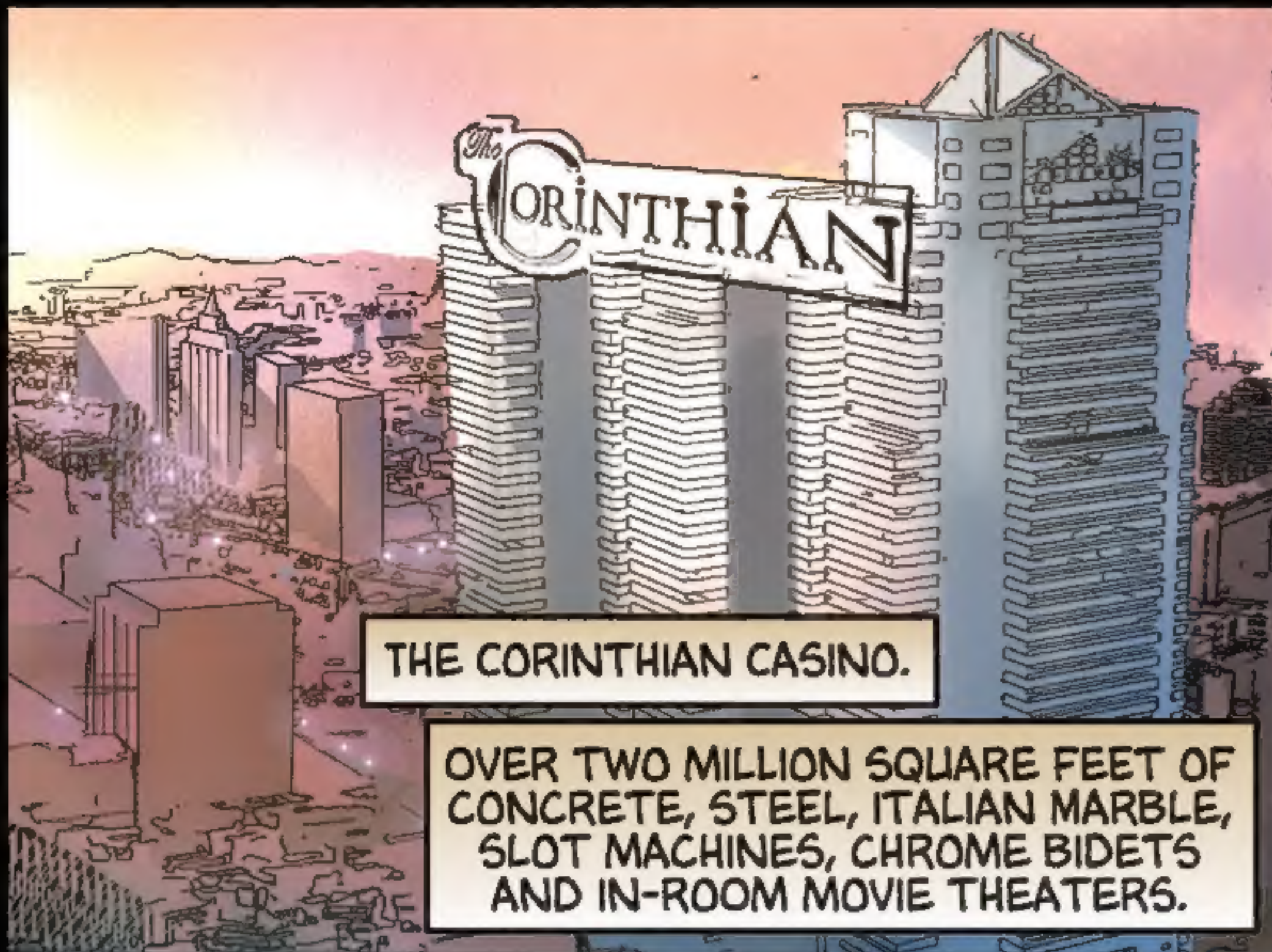


HEROES

CHAPTER 77

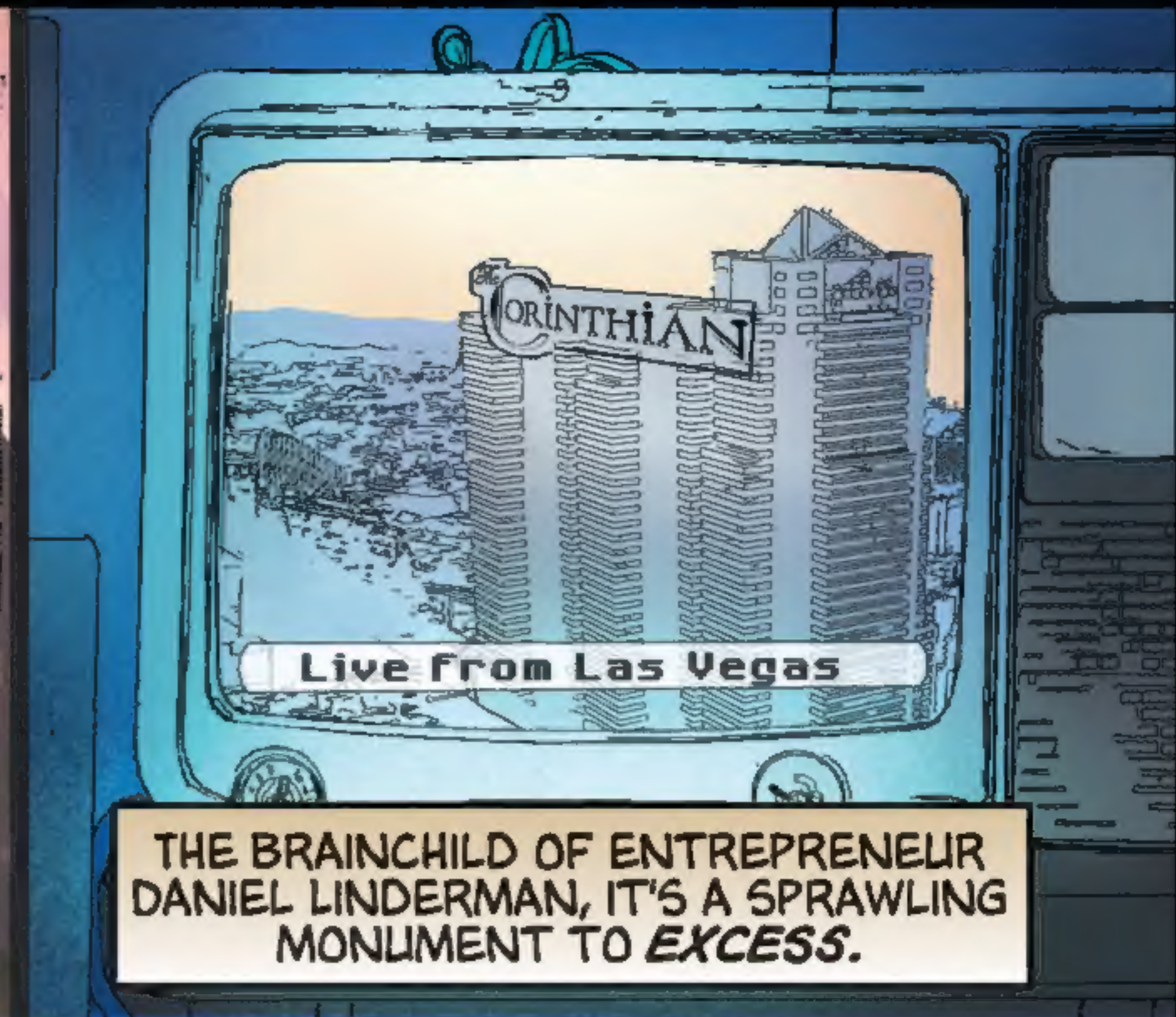
ON THE LAM

After the voting machines were hacked, Linderman's former software engineer, Brian, went into hiding for fear of Linderman's wrath. He decided to hide out in the open and work at a long forgotten hotel...until hearing the news of Linderman's death and the demolition of The Corinthian Hotel.

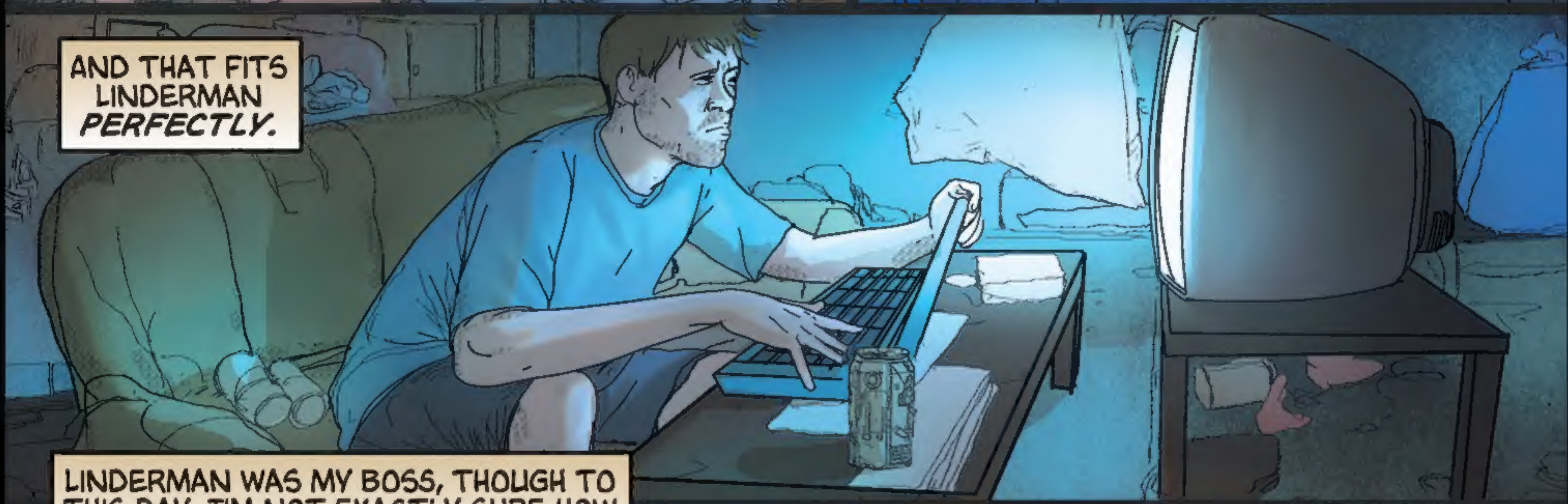


THE CORINTHIAN CASINO.

OVER TWO MILLION SQUARE FEET OF CONCRETE, STEEL, ITALIAN MARBLE, SLOT MACHINES, CHROME BIDETS AND IN-ROOM MOVIE THEATERS.

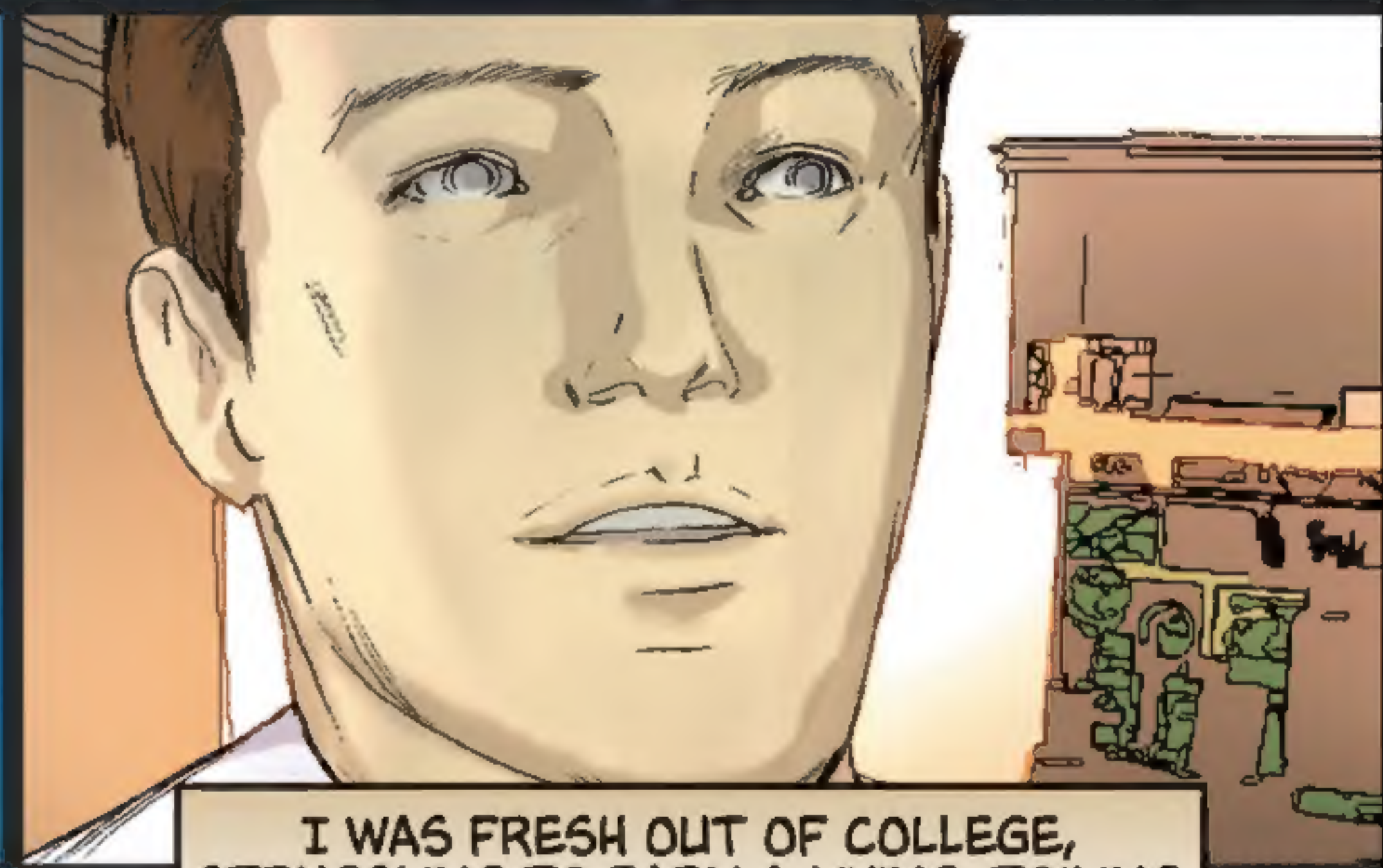


THE BRAINCHILD OF ENTREPRENEUR DANIEL LINDERMAN, IT'S A SPRAWLING MONUMENT TO *EXCESS*.



AND THAT FITS LINDERMAN PERFECTLY.

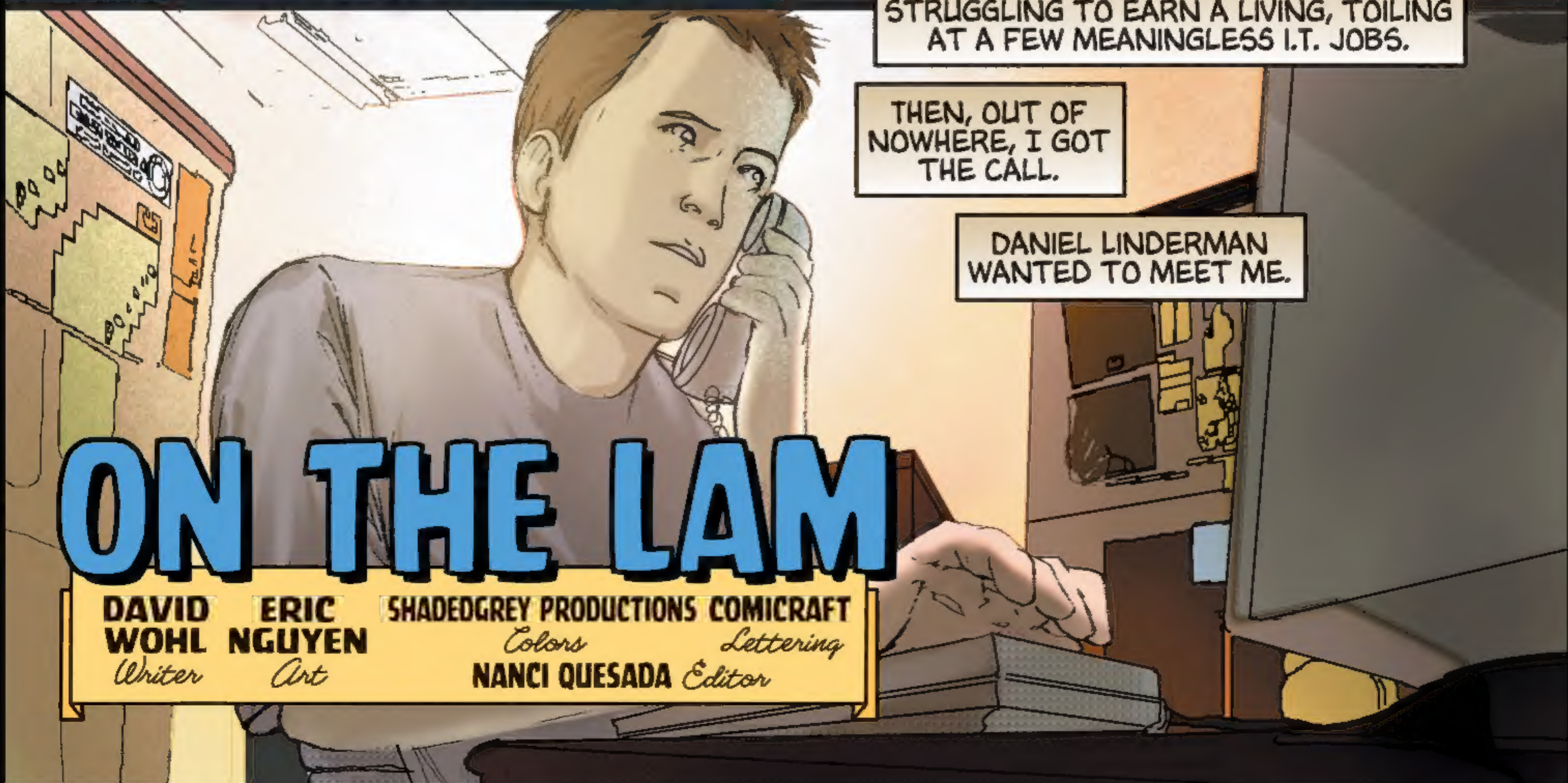
LINDERMAN WAS MY BOSS, THOUGH TO THIS DAY, I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE HOW HE FOUND ME IN THE FIRST PLACE.



I WAS FRESH OUT OF COLLEGE, STRUGGLING TO EARN A LIVING, TOILING AT A FEW MEANINGLESS I.T. JOBS.


THEN, OUT OF NOWHERE, I GOT THE CALL.

DANIEL LINDERMAN WANTED TO MEET ME.




ON THE LAM


DAVID WOHL ERIC NGUYEN SHADEGREY PRODUCTIONS COMICRAFT
Writer *Art* *Colors* *Lettering*
NANCI QUESADA *Editor*



IN THIS TOWN,
LINDERMAN WAS
LIKE ROYALTY.




HE WAS ONE OF THOSE GUYS
WHO ALWAYS POPPED UP IN THE
GOSSIP RAGS, CONNECTED TO
THIS BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS OR
THAT ORGANIZED CRIME
FIGURE.



HE MADE ME AN OFFER
I COULDN'T REFUSE...

...AND I HAD **NO PROBLEM**
GOING ALONG FOR THE RIDE.



MY FIRST JOB WAS TO
DESIGN THE CORINTHIAN'S
WEBSITE...

...AFTER DOING A BIT OF
RESEARCH, OF COURSE.

YEAH, LIFE WAS GOOD...

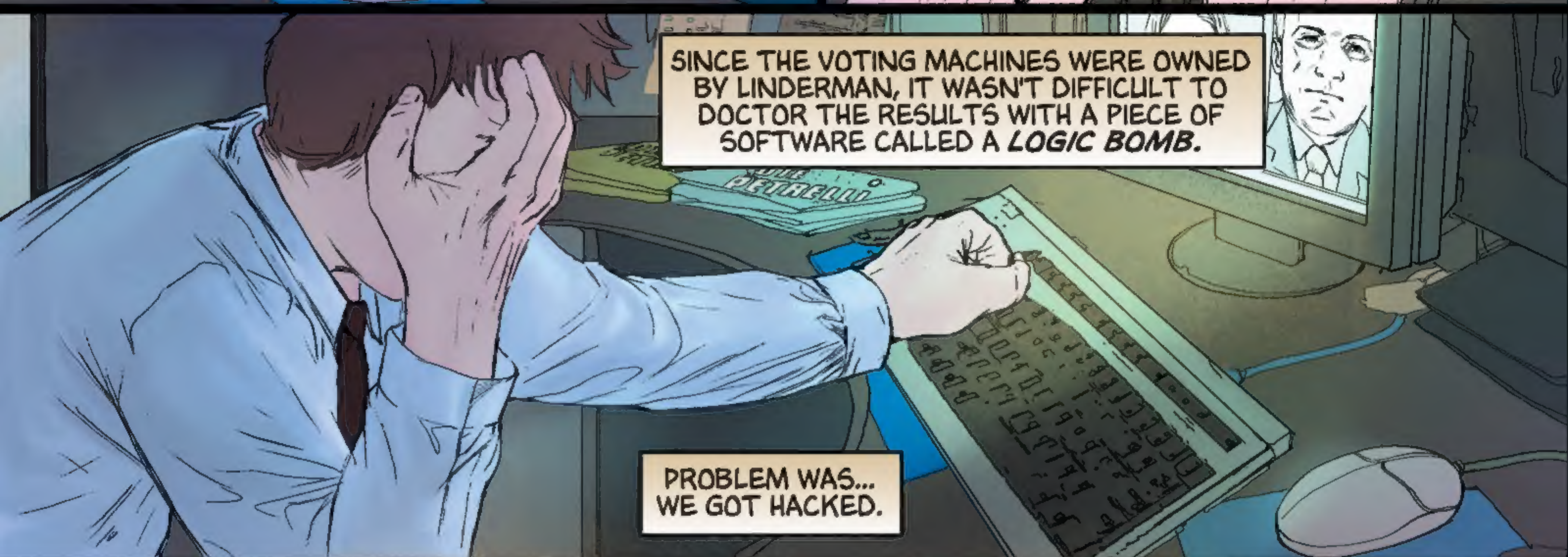
OTE
PETRELLI



...UNTIL HE ASKED
ME TO DO A
"FAVOR" FOR A
FRIEND -- A NEW
YORK POLITICIAN
NAMED **NATHAN
PETRELLI**.



MY JOB WAS TO HELP PETRELLI GET ELECTED,
WITH A LITTLE ASSISTANCE FROM SOME OTHER
PROGRAMMERS AND AN UNSUSPECTING NEW
YORK ELECTION OFFICIAL.



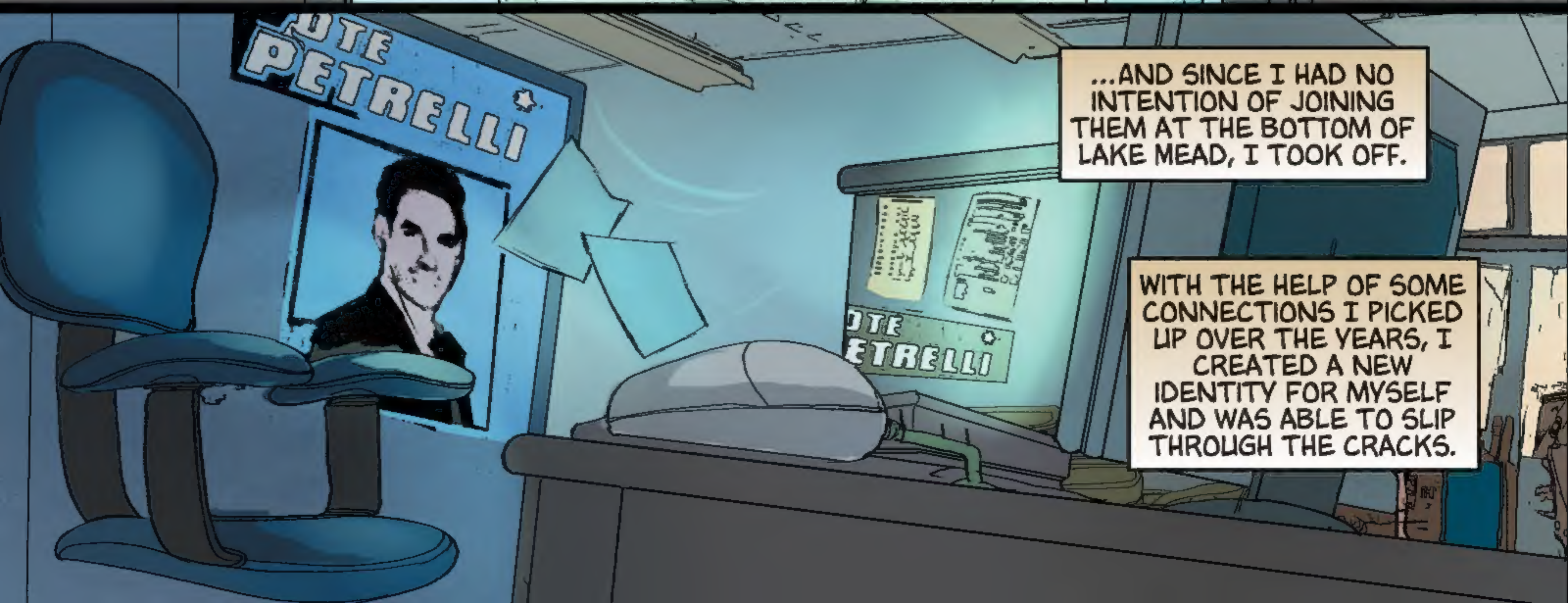
SINCE THE VOTING MACHINES WERE OWNED
BY LINDERMAN, IT WASN'T DIFFICULT TO
DOCTOR THE RESULTS WITH A PIECE OF
SOFTWARE CALLED A **LOGIC BOMB**.

PROBLEM WAS...
WE GOT HACKED.

WITH THE ELECTION
SUDDENLY IN SHAMBLES,
LINDERMAN WAS LIVID.

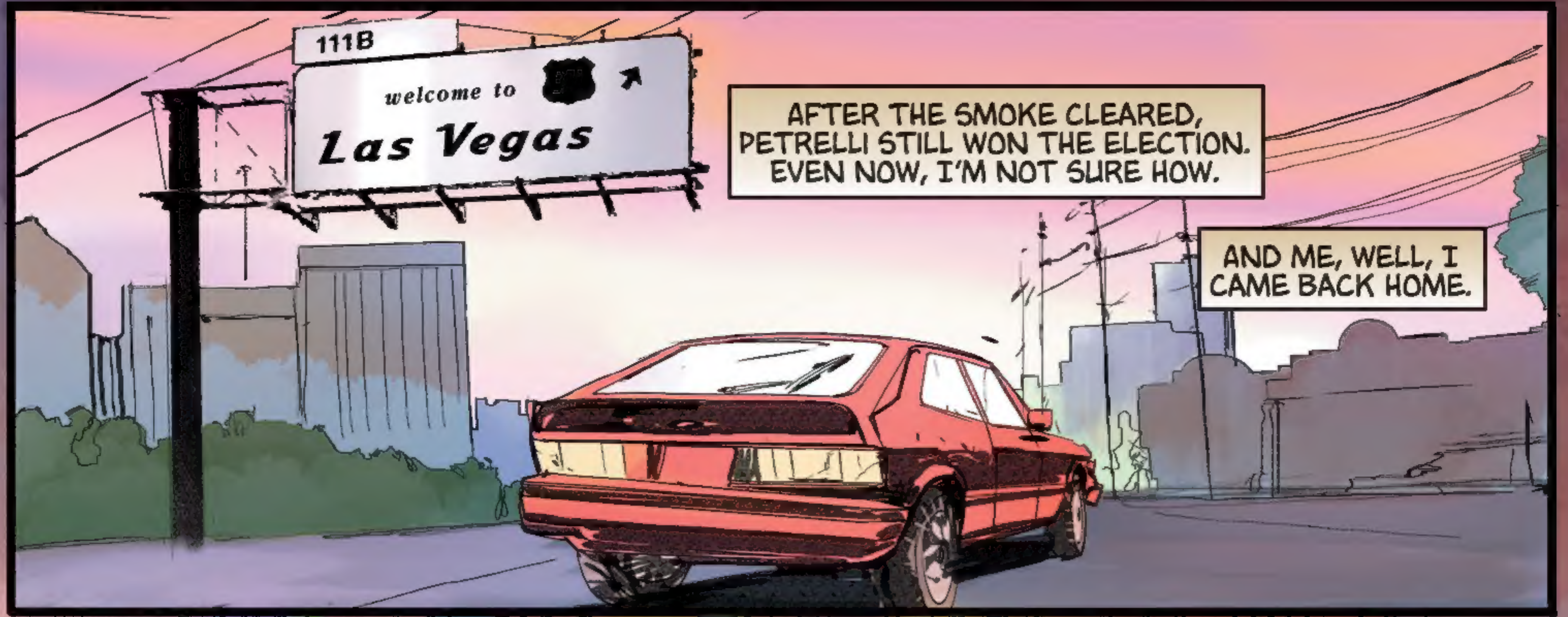


I'D HEARD STORIES ABOUT
WHAT HAPPENED TO GUYS WHO
ENDED UP ON HIS BAD SIDE...



...AND SINCE I HAD NO
INTENTION OF JOINING
THEM AT THE BOTTOM OF
LAKE MEAD, I TOOK OFF.

WITH THE HELP OF SOME
CONNECTIONS I PICKED
UP OVER THE YEARS, I
CREATED A NEW
IDENTITY FOR MYSELF
AND WAS ABLE TO SLIP
THROUGH THE CRACKS.



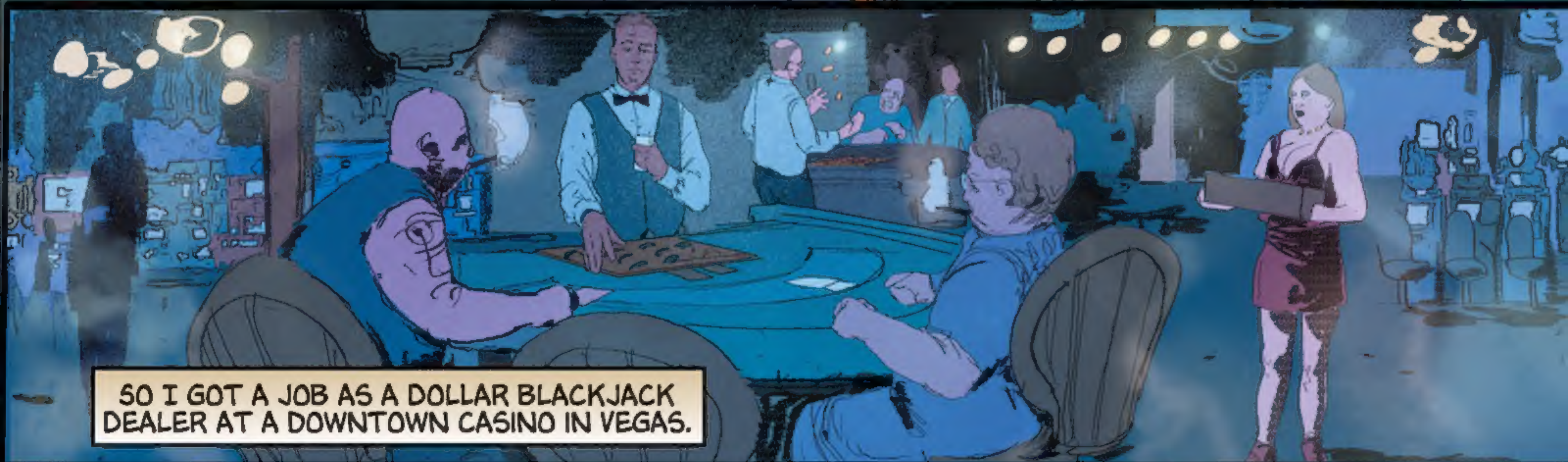
AFTER THE SMOKE CLEARED,
PETRELLI STILL WON THE ELECTION.
EVEN NOW, I'M NOT SURE HOW.

AND ME, WELL, I
CAME BACK HOME.

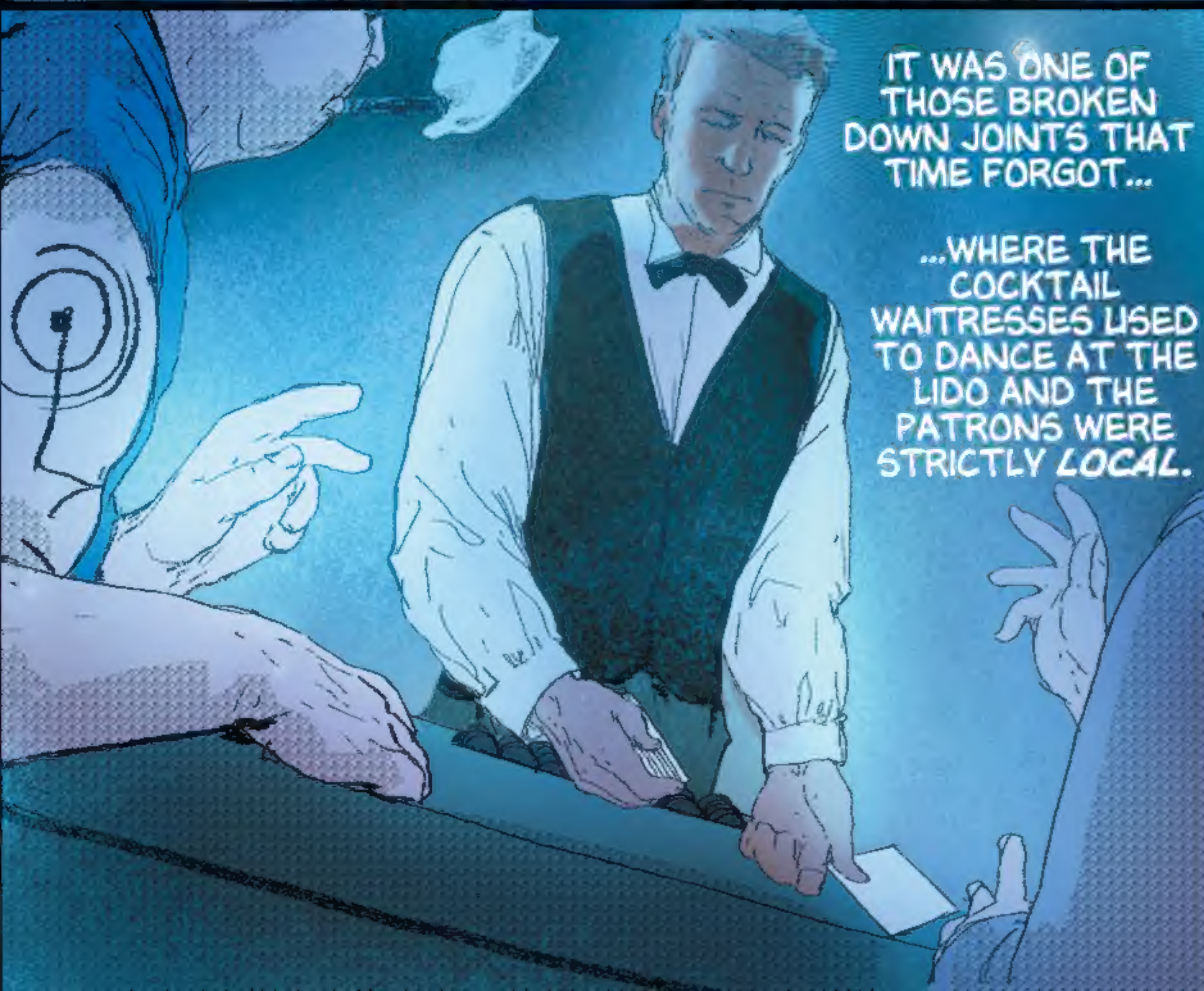
I STOLE A TRICK FROM
THE MOVIES AND DECIDED
TO HIDE OUT IN THE OPEN.



FROM WHAT I WAS HEARING,
LINDERMAN HAD *BIGGER*
THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.



SO I GOT A JOB AS A DOLLAR BLACKJACK
DEALER AT A DOWNTOWN CASINO IN VEGAS.



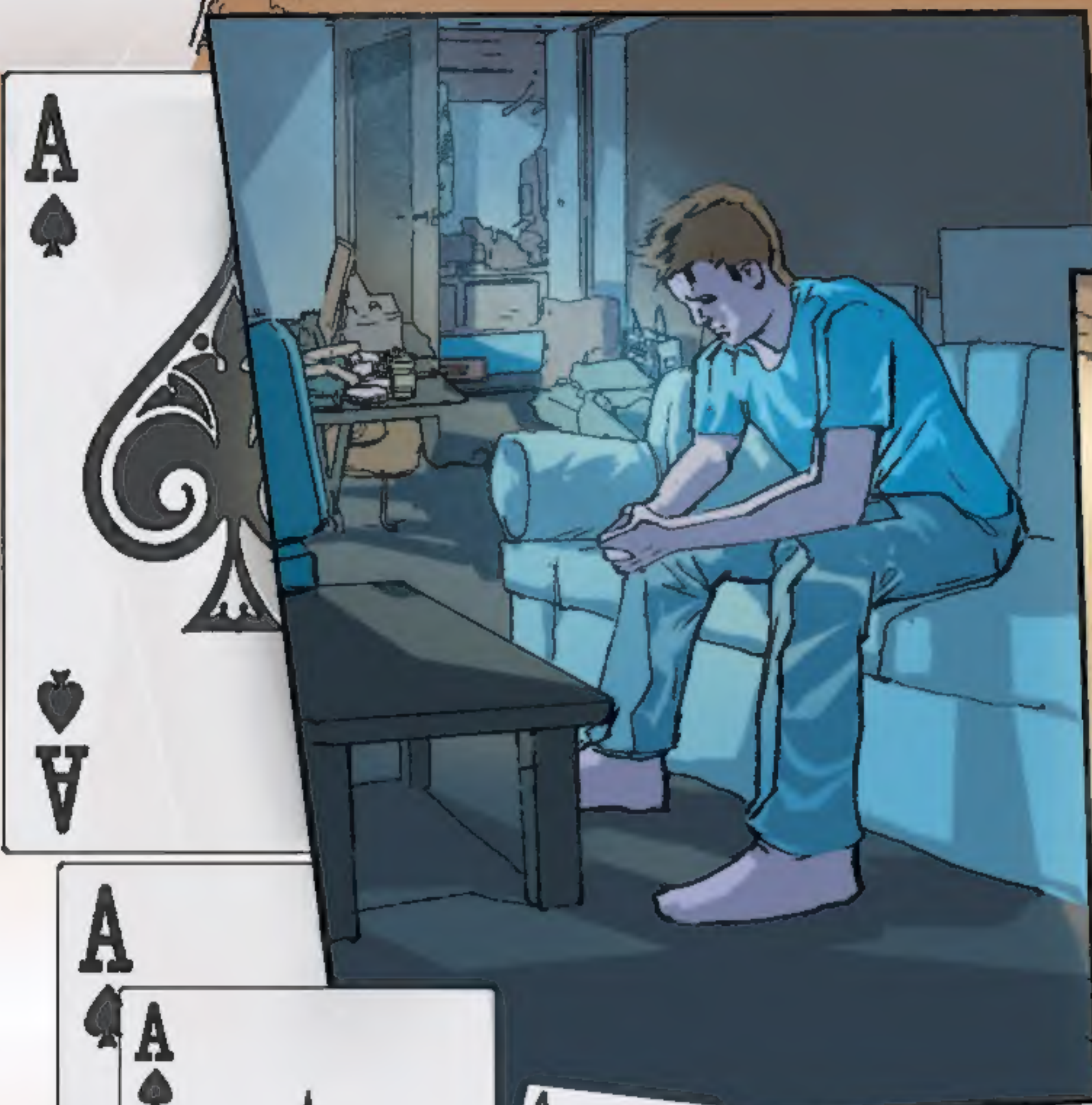
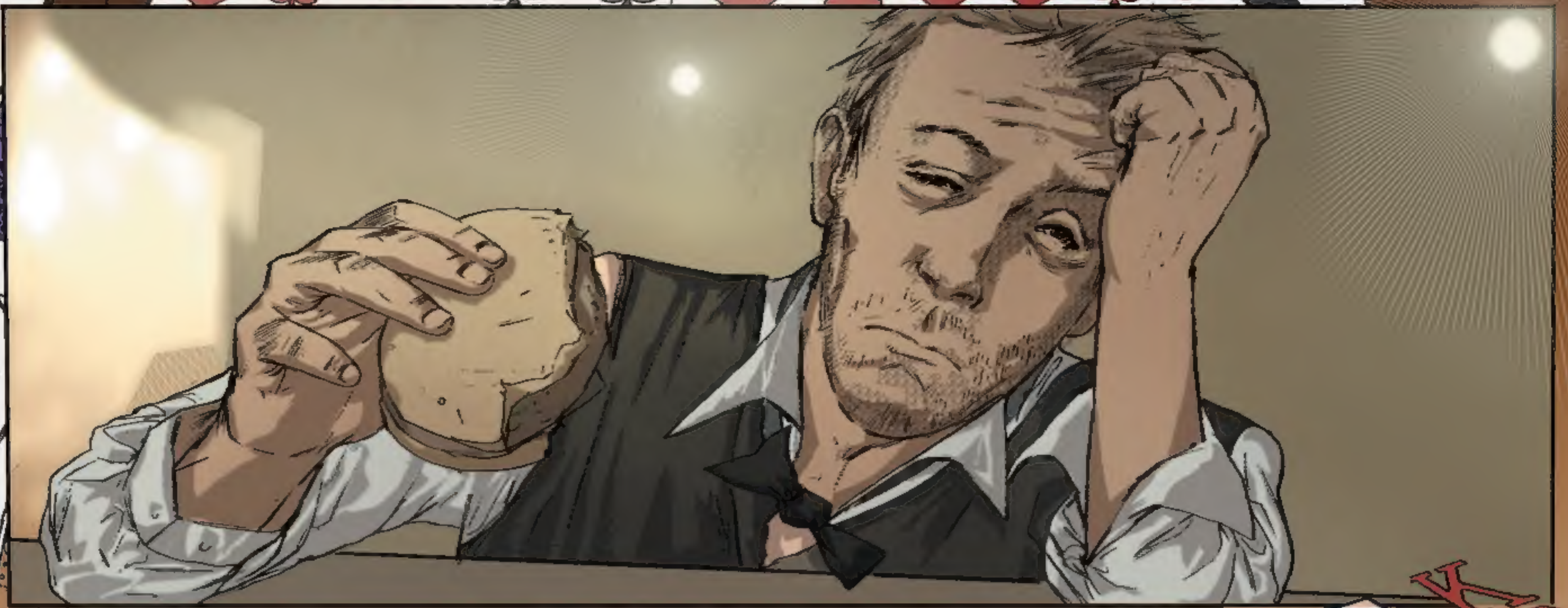
IT WAS ONE OF
THOSE BROKEN
DOWN JOINTS THAT
TIME FORGOT...

...WHERE THE
COCKTAIL
WAITRESSES USED
TO DANCE AT THE
LIDO AND THE
PATRONS WERE
STRICTLY LOCAL.



THE KIND OF
PLACE WHERE
NOBODY ASKED
QUESTIONS...

Q 4 A 8 K 2 7 5 J 3 6 9



...AND THE DAYS
WERE ALL THE
SAME.

